

You sink my battleship (Pennywise x reader) by The-dead-make-no-sound

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Summary: Defeated and humiliated, Pennywise seeks out the only redemption he knows - defeating an old foe, and stealing their strength. But after 300 years, can he?

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The sea lapped against the protruding hull of the half sunken ship I call home, echoing through its metal shell. The absence of waves had brought a calmness to the sea, and an effervescent light show to my wall. Moonlight reflected through the salt clouded port hole from the water, and I watched as I lay digesting my last meal.

The first of the oafish shouts from outside disrupted my peace as they crept into my awareness, and the corner of my mouth twitched in agitation as they grew louder.

Had I not been feeling the onset of sluggishness I would have rejoiced at the sound of prey finding its way into my waters, but they had interrupted a rare moment in which I had decided to savor the feeling of long hunt coming to a successful end.

With my food storages and belly full, I knew I didn't need to hunt again until I awoke from my upcoming hibernation, but the yeeing and hawing from outside filled my gut with an urge to maim, if for no other reason than spite.

When the swimmer slapped into the side of my ship's hull, the sound rang like a gong of war. More thumps came as they scrambled out of the water and onto the deck above.

As I edged closer to the rusted hole in my roof I heard their footsteps over my head, the sounds of wet slaps on thick metal thundered through the room, and goosebumps raised on my arm. As my anger festered, a low growl escaped my lips. I peered, unseen, from below deck at what I could now see was a man.

"See, Harry! I told you there's no sea witch! It's just a run aground warship!" He called over the side toward the peer.

A smile crept onto my lips as I changed form, my legs splitting and growing into thick black tentacles. Barnacles appeared scattered over my top half like freckles and my hair turned to seaweed, slippery against my back. I rose from the gloom below into the moonlight, tentacles puckering on the iron.

"There's no sea witch -" I hissed, appendages spilling onto the deck, "but there is a sea monster!"

The man spun, eyes widening as he saw me, body visibly tensing as fear paralysed him. With one swoop I wrapped my hands around his throat and tentacles around his torso, squeezing every breath of air from his lungs.

He writhed in my clutches like a fish, gasping for oxygen just the same.

My fingertips stretched into claws and pierced his flesh, and I took a second to breathe in the stench of his fear before peeling back my face to reveal my deadlights. The feeling of my jaw unhinging, skull cracking, and skin tearing was painful and bitter-sweet. In a way I revelled in it.

The man's eyes clouded over, a honey coloured glow reflecting back at me. He went stiff in my grasp. Tangling a tentacle around his leg, I admired the horror plastered on the man's face and slurped at my fingers, sucking the blood from my claws. I let out a growl in contentment.

"Joshua!" The man's accomplice yelled from the pier, "Dude! You all good?"

As he continued to call for his friend, sounds of desperation and worry filling his voice, I slunk back below deck, pulling my victim behind me like a balloon. I did not worry about his accomplice. If he came closer he would have the same fate, but he had not trespassed on my home. He was not my concern whilst he remained on the pier.

Days later I came to regret my decision to let the other live.

The towel in my hands was stripped blue and white, and caught on a piece of coral at underwater entrance to my battleship lair.

The reef had torn through the thick metal when the ship had run aground, and concealed the opening. It was just big enough to get through, although I couldn't enter it in sea witch form, as the tentacles of the form would be sliced on the jagged metal, and get

caught on the intricate coral.

Despite this, I was huffing and attempting to free the towel from the reefs clutches, needing the assistance of all eight of my tentacles. I felt my skin grow hot and teeth grow sharp as my as the water swept a new part of the towel into the coral for it to latch onto as soon as I had freed another. With a roar and a mighty tug, I pulled the towel free, snapping the coral and slamming against the ships hull.

As I rubbed the back of my head, my vision temporarily falling out of focus, I noticed dark figures moving through the water. Dazed, it took me a moment to register that the figures were divers, slinking towards my position like eagles gliding through a clear summer sky. I ducked behind the coral, seaweed hair floating before my eyes as I backed into the ships opening.

The divers were getting too close, and swimming with too much purpose. Once inside, I swam quickly. I threw the towel in the pile with the other items I had stolen to make my hibernation nest, the wet slap of it hitting the floor hushed by the splash of water as I ducked back below the depths.

As quickly as I could, I navigated the under water maze until I came to my storage room. Within, the shimmering bubbles that held each of my catatonic victims bobbed against the roof. I squeezed in among them, using my long black tentacles to Shepard them away from the door as I pulled it closed. The ship groaned like an ancient whose bones creaked as they moved as the invaders collided with the hull, thrown against it by the oceans rage. With a final yank, the door sealed shut and the sound thundered through the wreck. Then I waited.

Anger simmered in my mind, controlled but ready to boil over at the slightest trigger. Bubbles of air rose from my nose, dancing around each other before bursting at the surface.

The clang of the divers rummaging through the ship slowly grew louder, drowning out the gentle lapping of the water against the walls. Even under the water I could smell them, the adrenaline pumping through their veins and tendering the meat, and the way the salt water was seasoning their flesh. My mouth ached as my fangs

pushed against my gums, eager to sink into a fresh kill. I was tense and ready to pounce.

From outside came a sudden thud, and the door was hauled open. I lunged, teeth and claws held painfully beneath skin, and smothered the diver before me. As I latched onto him, tentacles curling around limbs and pulling, I heard a sudden hiss.

A stream of air from the tank on his back from a tube I had freed from its spot. The diver thrashed wildly, attempting to catch the loose pipe. He screamed, but it was muffled by the water that rushed into his lungs, and entered my ears as a gurgle.

Before long, he froze, and sunk into the dark, settling onto the ship floor like a feather of Icarus, having flown too close to the sun.

Slamming the door once more, I retreated to protect my hibernation stockpile. In the back of my head, my instincts screamed at me to bubble the diver and store him away, or to tear through his rubber suit and feast on the salty, fear marinated flesh within. Drool pooled in my cheeks, and as I licked my lips it dripped from the corners of my mouth. The droplets sunk through the water, thick like oil. Despite the ache in the back of my mind, the near irresistible desire to feed knowing a meal was just behind the door, I swallowed the urge. Reminding myself that if the other divers discovered their team mate dead the way I had left him - suffocated rather than in shreds - they'd bother me no more. It was a small price to pay, even if my instincts were screaming so loudly that my temples ached.

I listened intently, gauging the activity outside. There was a flurry of movement. I could hear the rush of bubbles leaving masks, joined by a second and then a third.

When at last the only sound I could hear was sweet lullaby of gentle waves brushing the walls, and the haunting moan of the ship swaying against the current that wrapped around her, I pried open the door just a sliver. The water outside was calm, so I yanked the door opened, finding the hall empty, as if no intruders had been there at all, even the dead man had been taken. I thought that would be the last of it, that the citizens of the town would settle back into normalcy and forget the loss of another neighbour. I assumed the

demands of their mundane, small town lives would overshadow the disappearance as had happened for hundreds of years.

But I was wrong.

From perched on the edge of a small barge beneath the pier, feet dangling in the water, I watched as men set up a podium at the end in human form. Not knowing what was to come, my mood was up as I waited for any

sort of crowd to arrive.

From above my head came the solid thuds of the steps of a man with purpose. Something important was happening, that much I knew. Important things would draw people, people would enter the water, people could be lured away, and people could be eaten.

The sun was out, and the day held much promise. As civilians began to gather above me I slipped into the cool water, shifting into fish form to swim swiftly to shore. As the ocean beneath the pier grew shallow, I twisted my body into that of an elderly lady.

With my joints now stiff, my back hunched, and one eye dead and unmoving, I emerged from the water, shuffling in the sand with my now limited movement. The sea water evaporated as if dropped on a searing metal plate, leaving even my greying black hair and pale blue woven cardigan dry before I had even fully left the water.

As I struggled through the sand, my index finger stretched and thickened, breaking the skin as it did and revealing smooth polished wood. The end curved and snapped off, taking its final form as a walking stick as the finger grew back, wrinkled and bony as the rest of me.

The sun blinded me at first as I made my way up the beach and onto the pier, and my little slippers scuffed against the wood with each step I took. Although the form was perfect for entering a group of humans without drawing attention, it took some getting used to.

More townspeople were arriving with each minute, and as I moved amongst them my nostrils flared, sucking in the tang of human sweat.

The man who took the podium as I found my place in the group had silver hair and a practised smile. He stood straight, and his suit was pressed and without a single crease. His steely blue eyes were calm, and as he cleared his throat, his eyes met mine.

Perhaps it was the frailness of the forms' heart, but as he moistened his lips to speak, it started racing.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, his voice steady and authoritative, "As the mayor of Bishop, this great city of Florida, I must take action in light of the recent tragedies surrounding the sunken BB 023."

My eyes narrowed as the words left his mouth, concern filling my mind. The predatory rush I felt being so close to so many potential victims was replaced with a nervous agitation.

I hobbled through the crowd, willing the Mayor to revoke any initiatives he was about to put in place, anything that would affect my shipwreck home. But a force hung in the air, resisting my power, blocking me from reaching the Mayor.

"As your elected governing official, and as a father, the loss of our townspeople, including my son Joshua just this past week, is something I cannot ignore. With a total of 34 people missing and last seen around the BB 023 with the last two years, I have decided to get the mighty battleship towed from our shore-"

I saw stars. Galaxies swirled and clouded over my vision, and the great silence of space filled my ears and blocked out the world. Trapped for a moment in the great expanse of the universe, chirps echoed through my ear, distant sounding and mesmerising. Suddenly the great turtle, Maturin, swept into sight, swimming through the cosmos towards me. His beaked mouth opened, ready to swallow me. As the darkness engulfed me I found myself back on the pier on my knees.

Townspeople crouched next to me as I shook, concern written on their faces. It disgusted me to see them so close, to hear them speaking to me as if I was so weak. As one woman went to touch me, to help me up, I waved her off. The last thing I wanted was the feeling of a human's clammy hands on me.

"I'm alright, dear," I said sweetly, "I'm just feeling a little light-headed. Perhaps the sun is just too hot for me today." I struggled to me feet, my aged knees weak and shaking beneath me.

"Are you sure, Ma'am?" The woman said, rising with me, arms outstretched and ready to catch me if I faltered again.

"Yes, yes, I'm fine," I assured, dusting the sand from my knees. Another woman handed me my walking cane. I thanked her quickly, and shuffled back through the crowd.

Worries eyes watched me, and their confused murmurs followed, but I had no time to focus on a facade.

Sweat beaded on my forehead, and my hands shook as I walked through the car park, images of Maturin replaying in my head. Was he interfering in this dimension? Was it he that was blocking my power from the towns people? Was he targeting me? I had too many questions to answer.